HYMN XXIII.

PEACE.

I.

THE Mount of Olives was thy ſeat,
O Angel, heav'nly fair;
And thou, ſweet Peace, didſt often meet
Thy Prince and Saviour there.

But

II.

But now abroad condemn'd to roam,
From Salem lov'd and bleſs'd;
A quiet conſcience is thine home,
In every faithful breaſt.

III.

Thou didſt Auguſtus firſt inſpire,
That bloody war ſhould ceaſe;
And to Melchiſedec retire,
The Sov'reign of our peace.

IV.

O come unto the Church repair,
And her defects review;
Of old thou plantedſt olives there,
Which to redundance grew.

V.

Suſtain the pillars of the ſtate,
Be health and wealth conjoin'd;
And in each houſe thy turtles mate,
To multiply mankind.